But Love is blind, and Lovers cannot ſee
The pretty follies that themſelves commit:
For if they could, *Cupid* himſelfe would bluſh,
To ſee me thus tranſ-formed to a boy.

Lor. Deſcend, for you muſt be my Torch-bearer.

Ieſ. What, muſt I hold a candle to my ſhames?
They in themſelves goodſooth are too too light.
Why, tis an office of diſcovery, Loue,
And I ſhould be obſcur'd. *Lor.* So are you ſweet,
Even in the lovely garniſh of a boy; but come at once,
For the cloſe night doth play the runaway,
And we are ſtay'd for at *Baſſanios* Feaſt.

Ieſ. I will make faſt the doores, and guild my ſelfe
With ſome moe ducats, and be with you ſtraight.

Grat. Now by my Hood a Gentile, and no Iew.

Lor. Beſhrow me but I love her heartily.
For ſhee is wiſe, if I can judge of her,
And faire ſhee is, if that mine eyes be true,
And true ſhee is, as ſhee hath proov'd her ſelfe:
And therefore like her ſelfe, wiſe, fayre and true,
Shall ſhe be placed in my conſtant ſoule. *Enter Ieſſica.*
What, art thou come? on Gentlemen, away,
Our Masking mates by this time for us ſtay. *Exit.*

Enter Anthonio.

Anth. Whoſe there?

Grat. Signior *Anthonio?*

Anth. Fie, fie *Gratiano*, where are all the reſt?
Tis nine a clocke, our friends all ſtay for you:
No Maske to night, the wind is come about,
Baſſanio preſently will goe abourd.
I have ſent twenty out to ſeeke for you.

Gra. I am glad on't, I deſire no more delight,
Then to be under-ſayle, and gone to night. *Exeunt.*

Enter Portia with Morocho, and both their traines.

Por. Goe, draw aſide the Curtaines, and diſcover
The ſeverall Caskets to this noble Prince:
Now make your choyſe.

Mor. This

Mor. This firſt of gold, w
Who chuſeth me, ſhall gaine w
The ſecond Silver, which th
Who chooſeth mee, ſhall get as
This third dull Lead, with w
Who chuſeth mee, muſt give a
How ſhall I know if I doe c

Por. The one of them co
If you chooſe that, then I am

Mor. Some God direct
I will ſurvay th'inſcriptions
What ſayes this Leaden Cas
Who chooſeth me, muſt give a
Muſt give, for what? for lea
This Casket threatens men
Doe it in hope of faire Adv
A golden minde ſtoopes not
Ile then nor give nor hazard
What ſayes the Silver with
Who chooſeth me, ſhall get as
As much as he deſerves: pa
And weigh thy value with a
If thou beeſt rated by thy e
Thou doſt deſerve enough, a
May not extend ſo farre as t
And yet to be afraid of my d
Were but a weake diſabling
As much as I deſerve; why th
I do in birth deſerve her, and
In graces, and in qualities of
But more then theſe, in love
What if I ſtraid no farther, b
Lets ſee once more this ſayin
Who chooſeth me, ſhall gaine
Why thats the Lady, all the
From the foure corners of th
To kiſſe this ſhrine, this mo
The Hircanian deſerts, and th

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